Gimme Some Mirth

Blake Babies

All kind of shit hit close to home
You're not safe, unless you always sleep alone
I don't have to worry 'cause I had a single bed
All I have to worry about is the ache in my headGimme some mirth!
Gimme some mirth!
Gimme some mirth!
Gimme some mirth!And the ache in my stomach, that rips it up
And all the hidden messages you never pick up
Everyone really hates me when I try to call
You would only give some, but I would give it all
All, all, all, all
Ooo, oooGimme some mirth!
Ow! Gimme some mirth!
Ouch! Gimme some mirth!
Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme!Shake, skake, oh!
Gimme Billy, Bobby, TV!Gimme some mirth!
Just a touch
Gimme some mirth!
I don't ask for muchGimme some mirth!
Just no, woh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

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